

ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VIII.—No. 390.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



WELL, CZAR-TAINLY!

"I told you, directly Pa got settled, he was going to commence good, honest work. Well, you'd hardly believe it, but he has been all the way to Russia and tackled the Czar on his brutal ill-treatment of the Jews. Good old Baron Hirsch found the money for the trip. Iky Moses and McGooseley accompanied Poor Pa as Interpreter and Private Secretary—both unpaid. After haranguing Alexander, the Emperor, not Alec., there was a fearful shindy in the Palace, and the deputation had the very nearest squeak of finishing their days in the mines of Siberia. I'm dying to hear all about it."—TOOTSIE.

MASTER, MAID AND MAN.



1. "Good-bye, George; mind you come round to supper to-night. Such a nice rabbit-pie!" Thus spoke as, to her Matilda Perkins, nursemaid to lover, a private in the — Foo



2. Promised, of course, as was only natural, and turns to go. Suddenly shrieks are heard, followed by three piercing cries for aid. George turns, and—can his eyes deceive him?—beholds a man—



3. A real, live man, attacking, as he thinks, the twins and his Matilda. He flies to their aid and drags the culprit up by his nose. Who was the malefactor? The master shrieked, Matilda and George vanished.

A PLOT.

ON December 25th, 1857, the writer of this article found himself alone in London with no friend or relation to keep company with that dreary Christmas Day. In a street out of Leicester Square there then stood a restaurant, almost the first established in London by an Italian, called Bertolini, and here the friendless one dined alone, but subsequently passed the evening in the smoking room, where stories were told and songs sung by several jovial spirits. Of these, two died on the guillotine in the following March—Orsini and Pieri.

On January 15th, 1858, Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie went in state to the Opera. The Imperial cortege consisted of three carriages, and the one in which their Majesties and General Rouquet rode, was preceded and followed by twenty-eight Lancers of the Guard. Just as they reached the door of the Opera House, a shell burst with a terrific explosion in front of their carriage, extinguishing all the gas lamps round about, and causing the scared and wounded horses to plunge madly into the crowd. A second explosion occurred a moment later, and then a third. The crashing of glass mingled with screams and groans. Eight persons and many horses were killed, and a hundred and fifty-six persons wounded, among them women and children. Some had five or six wounds. General Rouquet was struck, and both the horses of the royal carriage, but the Emperor and Empress were wholly untouched. Orsini was a desperate

character, and his act that of a madman. His father was shot during an insurrection against the Papal Government. When he, himself, was but twenty-six, he was sent to imprisonment for life for conspiracy, and incarcerated in a fortress at Mantua, from which he escaped by the aid of a rope he made with the linen of his bed. He, however, had miscalculated the height, and the rope was twenty feet short. He dropped and injured himself dreadfully. However, he managed to crawl to the moat, and there lay hidden for forty-eight hours, when some huntsmen took pity on him and carried him to a place of safety. He then got over to England, where he wrote a book and gave lectures. He had five shells manufactured in Birmingham, which he filled with fulminate of mercury, that he had brought with him wet in his portmanteau, and dried before the fire at his lodgings at the risk of blowing up the whole street. The first shell thrown almost blinded Orsini, and he was found at his lodgings covered with blood. His own shell he dropped, and it was afterwards picked up by the police. On the scaffold, Felice Orsini behaved with wonderful fortitude, if, perhaps, his style was somewhat theatrical. "Vive la France! Vive l'Italie!" he cried. But his reckless slaughter of innocent people did his cause no good. As Jules Favre, his advocate, said at the trial, "If a nation is so unfortunate as to fall under a tyrant's yoke, it is not the dagger that will break its chains. God, who counts the hours, knows the despot's time, and reserves for him catastrophes more inevitable than the plots of conspirators."

"That wasn't quite the way to help his client," murmured the Blue Eyed Beetle.

(Next week, "The Necklace.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Don't be silly, BERTIE EDGEcombe, it would never do at all. Thank you very much for sketches, but they're useless, ARTHUR BALL. Nay, we did but jest, MISS MARTHA, you misunderstood, it's clear. Sorry, ROB, we cannot help you, but we haven't an idea of the route you ought to follow—better ask the wily Cook. We're no time to spare, F. J., so for yourself you'll have to look. Very sorry, T. H. BARKER, that you couldn't see the joke. SLOPER means to do his best, PHIL., but, you know, he's stoney broke. It's a pity, PEERLESS BEAUTY, that you live so far away. Still, remember, that we shall be pleased to see you any day. We're obliged to you, H. SYDNEY, but we're overstocked with verse. It is very far from perfect, though it really might be worse. Thank you for potato, ERIC, it's a likeness good and true. Yes, at chucking time, I WONDER, or he'd drink till all was blue. You are very kind, S. GIFFARD, though it's hardly what we meant. How can you be sure, DISGUSTED, that the book was ever sent. It was most annoying, ALFRED, quite enough to make him wild. Those who will touch pitch, OLD FOGGY, must expect to be defiled.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"DOCTOR," said a patient, "what is the best thing to do for a constant consuming thirst?" "Drink, my dear sir, drink," replied the medical man.

"What a lovely dog, Mr. Simple?" said Miss Sharpshins. "Yes, Miss Lucy," returned Simple; "and he's clever too, he knows as much as I do." "Is that all? I always thought Newfoundland dogs were so intelligent."

THIS world is like a crowded bus;
A few good men, perhaps,
May find a seat, but most of us
Must hang on by the straps.

"AH, my dear brethren," observed a Parson, towards the close of an hour's dreary sermon, "I wish I could awaken ye to—"

"Jolly sight better prevent us going to sleep," said a Philistine, in a stage whisper.

"AND there is a ferry across the river," said Wilson, describing the scene of his vacation. "What do they charge for taking you over?" asked his friend. "Oh, the regular fee is threepence, but if you stand the boatman a pot of six ale he'll do it for nothing."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD says that Fleet Street is the most poetical place in the world. Perhaps this has occurred to him from the fact that few of the inhabitants are *averse* to having a drink, and possibly some may have inquired, "What are you going to *stan* sir?" This is reason, if not rhyme, and that is more than all poetry is.

OCTOBER'S come. Its brilliant days,
When all the forests seem ablaze,
Inspire the soul—
Until it sinks in dull dismay;
For now, alas! it's time to pay
That bill for coal!

"LEAVE off pullin' my hair, Sissy," exclaimed little Tommy. "Shan't!" said Sissy. "If you don't leave off, I'll hit you crying hard in a minute."

SCENE—Outside Trebles', the Oilman, on Sloper's Island. Old Woman (stops and reads Soap Advertisement—"WHY WASH YOURSELF!"). There, now! that's the fust bit of sense as I've read this many a long day. 'Tain't no good at all; and there's more colds caught through folks a-washing of themselves all over than—oh! what's that you say? It's only to sell soap! Well, I never! if this ain't a wicked world, nothin' but snares and d'usions.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 390.—The "Gallant Little Wales" Costume.



Free, Sloper. Ah, James, in taking this apple without leave, you have made a bad beginning. How will it end? James (with previous experience). Stummick-ache.



There was an old party who said,
"When I have a cold in my head
I tallow my nose,
As you may suppose,
Before I retire to bed."



Housemaid. How can you sit there, James, playing the piano with master laying dead upstairs?
James. It's all right, Jane; no harm done. Can't yer see I'm only playing on the black keys?



"No, ladies, this is not the latest thing in hats, but Jenny Jones, the flower girl, with her stock in trade."



Honourable Fitzfoot (warning). Go to the devil!
Small German (hot). You go, too!

WHEN you see the Strand completely blocked with waggons entirely filled with cheap German gill glasses—and when a man is found in a dead faint from being overlaid with currant cake—and when the road on the morning after it has been scavenged is quite ornamented with piles of white face powder that's been swept up at the early dawn—why, then, don'tcherknow, you can lay 172½ to 1 that the pantomime season is a going to begin, and that the timid hide-in-the-background and no-you-don't chorus lady is once more on the warpath.

"ONCE more and yet again, Josiah! how can you?" He had not only copped the brewer, but had pocketed off the whole hypothek of distillers—why, he was that bad that he actually sat on the floor chewing his poor dear wife's bootlaces. "There's nothing like a little farinaceous food to pull yourself together after a beno." The poor, dear man was well under the impression that he was making short work of a plateful of macaroni. Such is life in all its variedest ways.

He was a young man of great weight,
Who lingered too long at the gate;
The paint, all around, was fresh, and he found
His clothes in a terrible state!

IT is a wise child who knows his own father, and it is a wiser child who borrows money from him.

"I've been to hear Professor Gabble's lecture," observed Jones. "Can he talk?" inquired Smith. "To all eternity," responded Jones; "but he can't say anything."

"DAD," exclaimed young Sharpshins, "what does that sign in the window of that public-house mean—'Port from the Wood'?" "From the logwood, my dear," replied the old man, "of which it is composed."

"OH, by-the-by, Jones," said Smith, "you're doing the dramatic criticisms for the *Daily Diddler*, are you not?" "Yes; why?" was Jones' reply. "Why, I wish you'd give my friend McMouth a puff." "But I've never seen him play," said Jones. "That's just the reason I asked you," responded Smith.

HANDLE it tenderly—
Wax it with care;
'Tis the youth's first moustache,
And he can't spare a hair!

"SLOPER is SLOPER," said the dear old man; "the charm of him is, that when he's there, he's all there." Then Mrs. S. sighed sadly. "Well, SLOPER, that ain't exactly all the bunch of turnips and to spare. When you've been doing an autumn 'Unsweetened' crawl, and come in with the cat's-meat, we know well enough that you're there—any bally imbecile could tell that by the staving in of the front door and the blooming sandwiching up of the door mat—but, still, though you're there, you can't say that you're all there. What with one boot left in the plughole, and your hat that you've jammed into the pillar letter box, as you thought you were feeding a soldier on German sausages—go it; ga' 'long, you!"

"Is young Lovelace extravagant?" asked Jones. "Extravagant!" exclaimed Smith. "Why, he'd spend the whole day in a couple of hours."

"JANET," said a North Briton, "you've na been the economical wife that ye should ha' been. When I married ye, ye'd nacht but yer bonny face and yer Bible, and now ye're na better than when I bracht ye hame." "Ah, Jamie!" answered Janet, "had ye studied my Bible as ye have my bonny face, ye'd ha' been a meenister by this time, mon."

It is sad to think that when he sang
Of lovers, tryst beneath the stars,
So loud the house with the echoes rang
From his soul stirring bars,
That "papa" was the one who heard
The lover's pleading call;
While she, his love, caught not a word,
But dozed on through it all!

"Do you really, really, really love me?" said the sweet, shy, curly headed, blue eyed, kiss-and-come-again-and-have-another-to-spare darling. And he pressed her fondly to his heart; and that girl was so flattened in his eager, fond embrace, that when her mother came in, half an hour afterwards, she mistook her for a side of bacon tied up in the swell drawing room table-cloth.

Whisky Measure.

Twopennyworth makes a man feel better.
Half a quatern " " all right.
A quatern " " jolly.
Half a pint " " merry.
Three-quarters " " on.
One pint " " squiffy.
A pint and a half " " tight.
A quart " " boozed.
Three pints " " drunk.
(Signed) A. McGOOSELEY.

"WOMAN—oh, lovely woman!" said the philosopher of the penny tram and cigarette, "where is your equal in all creation? When you smile at us, it's lovelier than the stars winking on the silent streets. When you shyly turn from us—" And then a voice, low and gentle as the bursting of a petroleum reservoir softly murmured, "Young man, you just hitch up a trifle, I ain't a-going to have my bally baby's blessed nose a-flattened with them here Spanish onions, 'cos you can't keep that side pocket of yours further off than a ha'p'orth o' rrimps."

"DID you read about young Softy getting six months for helping himself from the cash box?" said Robinson. "By Jove, sir! I couldn't steal." "I could, but I won't," returned Brown.

"TAKE these dead men away, Mrs. G.," said Mr. Grumbleton, "and bring me another pair of socks." "Dead men, Mr. G?" replied his wife; "what do you mean?" "Well, if they're not dead men, they're *men-ded*, and I don't like 'em."

SHE was a prude of high degree;
He was a vulgar youth;
She blushed and fled because he said,
"I speak the naked truth."

THE steamboat season is now over. "How dull the river seems now," said Juggins the Jubilant; "everything is ugly about here at Gravesend; even the ships' fog-horns have lost the almost musical note they had a month ago. How is that, now, I wonder?" Then Jones looked a peck of wisdom, mixed with owl's down. "Why, you see, they've left off playing kiss in the ring at Rosherville, so there's no longer any sweet girls a-screaming 'Oh, my!' Now, it was the mixing up of them 'Oh, my!'s with the fog-horn squark that made a lovely harmonious blend—a millwheeler's duet—that's as plain as the boko on your old dial plate—and that's plain enough!"

"WHAT will you charge to take us to Broadstairs?" asked some strangers, at Ramsgate. "Fifteen shillings, gents," replied the pony boy. "What?" the strangers shouted, in chorus. "Do you think we are giving away money?" "Well, I did think you looked like a couple of relieving officers out on the spree."

TOOTSIE'S ARTHUR.

THERE have been (and still are) a lot of Arthurs. There was one of them once proposed marriage to yours truly, but I said I would rather not.



Round: ARTHUR ROBERTS.

Jacques D'Arc: F. EMNEY.

There was a friend of the Dook Snook's—Arthur Smith, the brother of Albert Smith, who wrote one of the best of fishing books, and was acting manager to Charles Dickens when he went on his reading tours. There is Sir Arthur Sullivan, who makes music and (ahem!) money also. There is Arthur Swanborough, which the Pavilion he adorns, and Arthur Lloyd, who is bally vogaring in the provinces. There is Arthur Dacre, a dear old friend of mine, just now a grass widower, for Amy is on tour. There are also Arthur Lyle, following the fortunes of *The Dancing Girl*; and Arthur Whittaker, moving along with *Our Flat*; and Arthur Reece, who will have the last word; and there is—why, of course there is—Arthur Roberts.

I don't suppose any other low comedian living has been so systematically talked down by opposition low comedy merchants, but Arthur is certainly all here, and holds his own right royally. There are other actors and actresses who have come to the stage from the music hall whom I could mention, though I had, perhaps, better not do so, who were never much blamed on that account; but Arthur's deadly sin is that he not only came, but conquered straight away. The first night Arthur appeared on the London stage, the old and ancient Snooklet informs me, there was nobody in it with him while he was on the job. The managerial parties then interested in his success were, I am informed, Henderson, Farini and Co., who seem to have known a thing or two in their generation, and made a bigish bit of money. They didn't go about with their eyes shut, and, when they saw Arthur Roberts' marvelous successes at the music halls, they delicately negotiated. The day, therefore, is not far off when theatres and music halls will have to face each other fairly and try which is strongest. I know which side I shall lay my bottom glove-button on if I am about at that time.

Everything nowadays has a second edition—even some evening papers that have one to start with. So, of course, the successful burlesque of *Jean of Arc*, first launched at the Opera Comique, has had its second at the Gaiety, and a gay and joyous show it is. If you have seen the *Enfant Prodigue* at the Prince of Wales', you ought to go to the Gaiety and see Arthur and Marius do their little dumb show, which is about the most splittingly funny work there has been there many long days past. I think I must have shrieked above a whisper when the prodigal infant, promising to atone for the past, proposed joining the Army—only it seemed to be the Salvation division he meant, where the warriors hide behind the big drum in the hour of danger and whack the tambourine. Others in the cast are capital, too. There is the magnificently Majestic Alma as Tallbot—I mean Tallbot, with one l. There is Marion Hood, and w'Hood want a better? There is Katie Seymour, and could you desire to see more graceful doings? Emney, as Jacques D'Arc, renders good service "Round the Town," and, later on, in the clever business with Louise Gourlay. With Katie Seymour, Warde, as the Bishop of Bovril, does a very sunny *pas de deux*. Linda Verna, too, is cleverly comic as the French King's mother-in-law. Marion Hood scores magnificently with her songs of the Banner and Fatherland, and you may be sure that Arthur fetches them with his little song as the special correspondent, which has quite a Gilbertian turn about its rhymes. "But I had as much as I could stand of Parliamentary traffic. So I sailed away to Mashonay-land in the pay of the *Daily Graphic*. I'm a regular Randy Pandy, oh! With a beard that's quite the dandy, oh! And a big moustache that's all the mash in the great Mashonay land, oh! I've a temper as sweet as candy, oh! And a book and pencil handy, oh! And you never met such a social pet as the correspondent Randy, oh!"



L'Enfant Prodigue: ARTHUR ROBERTS.

Charles VII: M. MARIUS.

Tottie Goodenough suggests to Poor Pa that, as she is rather tired of nesting, he should blossom forth as a Lessee and Manager, and put on a show that would give her a fat part. I wonder whether impudence could ever take a back seat?

NATURALLY.

Who would not brave the fiercest storm
That ever shook a raft,
If only for the sweetened charm
Of the calm that follows after?
Who would not face the darkest night
That ever followed even,
If but to take renewed delight
In the glowing noonday heaven?
Who would not quarrel with his love
And brave the storm of sorrow,
If only love's bright bliss to prove
With kisses on the morrow?

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.

(Being further annotated, enlarged, and generally knocked about.)

CHAPTER XVI.

EDWARD IV. 1461 to 1483.

MODERNIZING the words of Snook de Sloper in speaking of Edward IV., "This prince was valiant and lusty, but he was better at getting out of rows than avoiding them. In his early youth he once got on the bender with more alacrity. Yet, at the immortal 'Cri' corner—so called from the many 'cries' being raised for liquor in the immediate neighbourhood—none were ever more active in escaping from the clutches of the officers of justice. In after life, he was much trained to the practice by Guy, Earl of Warwick, so called from his great art in doing a 'guy.' Guy of Warwick was called the King Maker. He made a man of young Edward. In all probability he took his title from Warwick Street, Regent Street, the scene, perchance, of his doing many a guy." Edward IV. did not sit very comfortably on his throne at first coming to it. His nose was prickled with the thorns of his former crimes.

Queen Margaret, wife of Henry IV., raised an army, and tried to reinstate her husband. She invaded England in 1461, and, though she was very partial to sniggering at Guy of Warwick, she got uncommonly the knock out from Lord Montacute, his brother, and had to do a smart "guy" herself. Margaret, after her defeat at Hexham, fled into the forest with her youthful son. There Queen Margaret and her son, the youthful Prince Edward, were stopped by robbers. She escaped from them, but was stopped by a solitary footpad. Making a sudden determination, she resolved to throw herself on his generosity.

"Generous man," she said, "you would not stand between your young king and his throne?"

The man burst into tears. "I would! I would!" he said.

"You would stand—?"

The robber scowled faintly. "Anything under 'fours,' your majesty. The Scotch at the shop outside the forest is all that can be wanted."

"Magnanimous man," cried the monarchess, "thy name?"

"In former days," said the robber, "when your court was in the full blaze of its splendour, there was one whom you may have noted amidst the bravest and the best. Splendid was his apparel. Know, then, that I am that man—!"

"Robert FitzBike Sloper!" shrieked the Queen, and, bursting into tears, she handed him the needful half-dollar.

Things never went on very smoothly, though, for Edward IV. In the end, Warwick did another guy, and went over to Margaret's side. However, he was licked by Edward at Barnet. There is a monument erected to him at Barnet, which still stands, bearing the touching inscription—

HERE WARWICK FELL.

(Stick no Bills.)

This is true—but affecting. As SLOPER says, "Go and see the monument, and have a drink at the 'Red Lion.'"

GIRLS—GOOD AND GOOD FOR NOTHING.

No. 2.—THE FLIRT. (GOOD FOR NOTHING.)

It's no good trying to convert
The girl who's born to be a flirt.
You might as well begin to try,
Without a pair of wings, to fly,
Or strive, by rocket or balloon,
To pay a visit to the moon.
The thing, just take the word of one
Who's more than seven, can't be done.

The girl who is a flirt by birth,
No power in heaven or on earth
Can alter. Sad? I hold with you!
And sadder, far, for being true!
I did my best, not long ago,
To elevate a flirt—but, no;
'Twas waste my wisdom to asperse—
The creature now is ten times worse!

I always argue that the girl
Who likes the wheel of life to whirl,
And says so right before your face,
Is much more fitted for the place
Where all good folks are said to vend,
When life and love are at an end.
That wai, or, p'raps, may not be so:
I think I'm prejudiced, you know.

DON JUAN, JUNIOR.

HE TOOK PRECAUTIONS.

IT was an awful train, that eleven o'clock "rattler" from Yarmouth; and the bright young stockbroker, returning from his fortnight's vacation, sitting in the corner, seemed to feel the *ougiee* (French) more than any of the other passengers. Every now and then he sighed like the blow-off of an air brake, and when there was a sudden pull up, and an express dashed past, he fairly groaned aloud.

"You're enough to make anybody nervous," growled an old lady, in the opposite seat, opening her handbag to see if she had "SLOPER" safe, in case of a smash.

"I'm very sorry," he said, apologetically, "but I shall feel better when we reach a station and I can send a wire to London."

"Somethink you've forgot?" inquired an affable old gentleman.

"Well—er—yes; I want to wire to the office to sell all my 'Great Easterns' at once."

"You don't seem to have much confidence in the line," continued the elderly gentleman.

"I haven't," returned the young fellow, gloomily. "What worries me is the thought of my young wife and the kids."

"Why, what have they to do with it?"

"Ev'rything, sir, ev'rything. I wonder you can't see it. I've got over a hundred miles to ride yet, and how would it look for my wife to sue the company for damages, that, if secured, would practically come out of my estate? Nice game, wouldn't it be? No; I'm reckoning that this wire, when I send it, will take about twenty minutes to reach a chap I know on the Stock Exchange—then I'm allowing, say twenty minutes for him to dispose of the stock—that's forty minutes. If this train goes on jolting and jerking like this for over another forty minutes there'll most likely be an accident. In that accident it may be me that chucks in my knife and fork and climbs the golden stairs—s'pose it is, if I've sold my stock somebody else'll be stuck for the damages, whereas, if she holds the rails till we get to Liverpool Street I can buy the stock back."

"That young fellow'll get on in the world," said the old gentleman to himself.

"SUCH A NICE MAN, TOO!"

SHE met him on the sands of Boulogne, and he seemed such a nice man—so tall, so gallant, with such a beautifully pointed moustache—and his politeness was really too lovely for anything!

She was engaged to be married to young Frank Ledgerpen, a clerk in a London insurance office, but this had been going on for over two years, and Ledgerpen, financially, was still in no position to make her his wife. Under these circumstances, perhaps she was to be excused for making the most of the distinguished foreigner's attentions.

Ledgerpen was not in Boulogne with Dolly and her parents. Pressure of business, consequent upon dulness of trade, kept him glued to his desk in the City.

The friendship between Dolly and Armand Sauté thickened as the time drew near for the former's return to her home in Buxton.

When they parted from one another on the day of Dolly's departure, there was something in their manner that gave Mr. and Mrs. Dapper (that is, Mrs. Dapper subsequently gave the impression to her husband) good reason for thinking that a brilliant match had been struck and a useless one blown out.

Dolly had now been back in town for a week. Her thoughts were still in Boulogne, and a good sized portion of her heart with a certain one of its visitors; but, nevertheless, her treatment to Frank had not altered, and he was still her "boy."

It was Saturday. Frank arrived at the door of Dolly's domicile early in the evening. He went out to dine with him at Fatti's Restaurant, and then on to the theatre. Dolly said she was awfully sorry, but she couldn't go.

She pleaded headache, biliousness. This surprised Frank immeasurably, and the excuse seemed to Frank to argue strongly against the existence of a

headache, so the young clerk left the house in a huff and a hansom, determined upon following out the evening programme by himself.

Fact was, Dolly had had a note from Armand Sauté. It ran (part of it): "Meet me to-morrow (Saturday) evening, at 7.30, in the entrance-hall of Fatti's Restaurant."

Dolly was at Fatti's by 7.15. As she was about to enter, someone caught hold of her arm from behind and dragged her back. It was Frank!

"What are you doing here?" he asked, angrily.

For the moment Dolly was dumb; but a "tale" soon occurred to her mind, and she answered, with affected remorse—

"I was a cross girl at home just now, please, and when you had gone I was sorry and followed you here. Will you forgive me?" (Very sweetly.)

"Yes, if you come in and dine with me now."

What was Dolly to do? She was fairly caught, so resolved to get the cloak room girl to give Armand a note, telling him the present state of affairs, and asking his patience until to-morrow. She explained to the girl what he was like, and said he would arrive about 7.30.

Dolly and Frank were now preparing to sit down to dinner.

"Waiter!" cried Frank, to a passing gentleman in evening dress and an apron.

"Yes, sare."

It was Armand Sauté, Dolly's distinguished foreigner! A waiter! Great Scott! was ever such a thing heard of before?

With a shriek the girl rushed from the building, and Frank, to this day, is under the impression that it was one of her bad attacks.

"And such a nice man, too!" as she confided to one of her female friends over afternoon tea.

At Boulogne.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.

She couldn't go.



Old Gent. After all the fatigue and speedily at the "Suppression of all Alcoholic Drink League," one requires a little something to restore the nerves. He, he! ain't we a funny people!



IN THE KITCHEN.
Mary Anne's dream.



TEN POUND WEIGHTS.
Mr. Check. Seen Sandow's new feat—carrying a pony in his hand?
Mr. Plain. Yes; that's nothing. I often carry forty in my waistcoat pocket.



"I am broken hearted, dear. Just because I forgot my three-line part the other night, I have had it taken from me. Was ever a girl more unfortunate?"—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

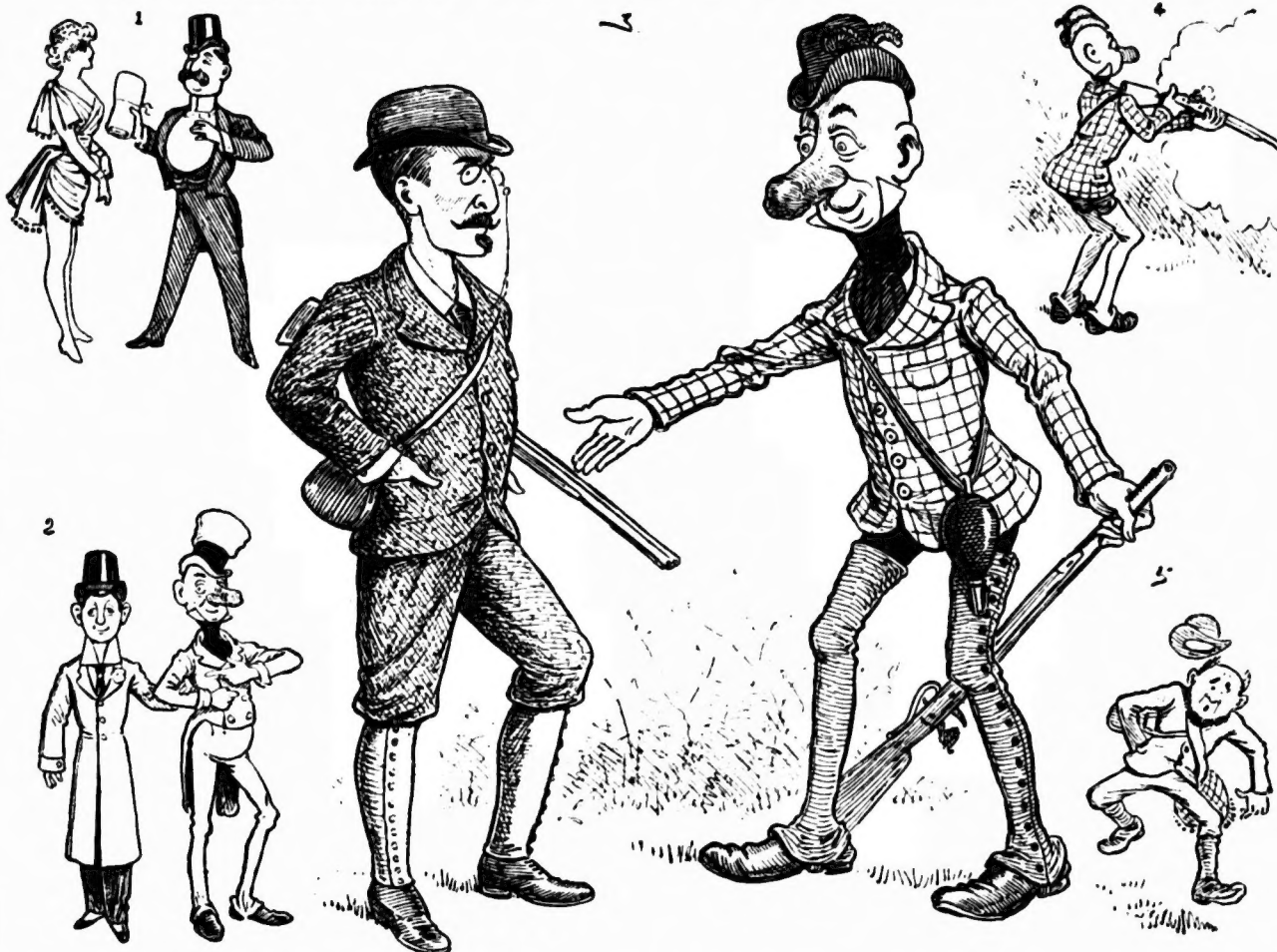
* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 201—MISS ROSA GLENN.
"I shall not have a moment's peace till I have told my love."
—*The Duck Snoot.*
"What perfect beauty does the maid possess!" —*Lord Bob.*
"Fain would I call her mine, but she's unwilling."
—*The Hon. Billy.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—LORD DUNRAVEN.



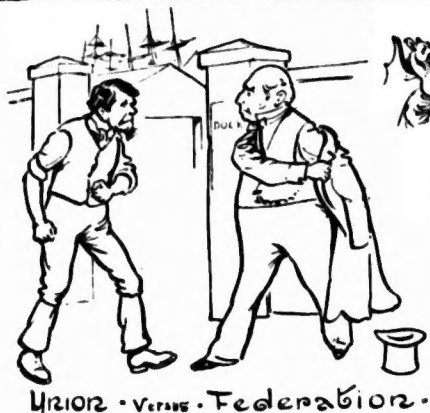
Tootsie is to have a real speaking part! Yes; and Tottie and Larli several good lines. It's like this. A certain young literary noble, at present unknown to fame, but who is a friend of Tootsie's, has written a burlesque. Now, Tootsie had promised the young literary noble she would submit it to the manager of the "Friv," with the proviso that at first she should not say who was the author, so that the Y. L. N. might get his (the manager's) unbiased opinion. (1). "Well, what do you think of it?" asked Tootsie of the manager the other night. "Garbage, my dear, a perfect garbage!" Tootsie here thought she might mention the author's name. "A perfect genius!" exclaimed the delighted manager; "the way his lordship has worked up the *dernoonny* in the second act is simply marvellous!" Then, incidentally, "What amount do you think he is good for?" Tootsie mentioned the sum. "We'll have it put in rehearsal at once!" cried the manager. (2). Since then A. SLOPER has been busy in the neighbourhood of the Strand bars, introducing the

Y. L. N. to the Press. "Oh, Pa, do you think you could get that dear Lord Dunraven to come on the first night?" said Tootsie; "he's such a patron of the drama." 'Twas then A. SLOPER, remembering that he had never interviewed his lordship, and that it was high time he did so, said, "Certainly, my child!" Lord Dunraven was down in the country, shooting; but that didn't deter the Eminent, who remarked that he thought he would run down and have a pop at a fox or two, the change would do him good. (3). "My dear lord!" cried the F.O.M., extending his hand, "my name is SLOPER; I hope your lordship is pretty salubrious." (4). Just then he observed a movement in the brushwood, and wishing to display his skill before his lordship, said, "Excuse me one moment, my lord," and, taking deliberate aim at that movement, fired. (5). A yell followed the explosion, and the head keeper rushed forth with anguish depicted on his brow. A. SLOPER says he is more sorry on Tootsie's account. Everything went off so unfortunately, even the gun.

RETRIBUTION COMETH TO McSWINE.



(1). While McSwine was having a few French nails put into him by McParritch— (2). He was butted quite rudely by the Elder. (3). Then McSwine said, "That's a bonny way tae treat a Christian for putting a button in the basin last Sabbath."



Union - versus - Federation.



The fruit of Industry.



Pay up or Starve.



Bohemian's like Bobbies.



Father Thames is luck.



Jawring Oysters.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

At the present moment, when everything around, even to the weather, seems dull and depressed, it behoves your humble servant to make up for it to a certain extent, by an extra display of brilliancy. But, upon my soul, I don't think I can manage it; but here goes for a try:—Again the great strike fiend holds sway. *Midst Dockers, who great pluck display:—A fortune, very large and fine, Was recently obtained from "Shine":—Till Simon's paid his four and eight, His family for food must*

wait:—This year a Welshman takes the bun, For which great deed I say, well done:—Hullo! come down, you blackguard, quick; His only answer was a brick:—Old Father Thames smiles at the sight, And mops up sugar with delight:—With nothing new we cannot blame Them, when they start the oyster game. There you are, ladies and gentlemen, are you satisfied with my efforts? I hope so, at any rate. I've done my best, and no man can do more.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



ANYTHING TO EARN A HONEST BROWN. Hardup did not go to the seaside this year—but, then, who was to know.



Young Lady. Oh! here's a funny looking thing coming this way. I shall have a fit if he asks me to dance.
The Other Lady. The funny looking thing is my eldest son, my dear.

RISKY BUSINESS.



First Sportsman. I say, old man, how is it Cadboy is not out with us to day?
Second Sportsman. Afraid to bring him, my boy; it's not safe. Why, he drops his He to such an extent, that we should find him killing two peasants instead of a brace of pheasants.



"Hullo, Bob! going in for bicycling? Gosh! Don't they have to lift you on to the machine with a steam crane?"



She. Are not the autumnal tints of deepest brown and golden simply delicious?
He. Um! the deep brown and golden of a nicely grilled mutton chop'd look a jolly sight more delicious to me just now.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

IT is impossible for anyone, at all conversant with what may aptly be termed the Rise and Fall of Boulangerism, not to feel a certain amount of pity for the unhappy suicide whose grave is still fresh with the flowers strewn upon it by the pitifully diminished little band of adherents. A brave soldier, enormously popular in the army, he might have rendered France invaluable service; but unhappily, he could not steer clear of politics, became the tool of unscrupulous Royalists, and nearly involved his country in a civil struggle, which would doubtless have been its ruin. Happily, this was averted; and, although Napoleon at St. Helena was dangerous compared to Boulanger at Brussels, the latter's death has caused a feeling of relief throughout France which it is impossible not to observe.

It is quite impossible for us to reply individually to the letters we have received in connection with the award of "Ally Sloper's £1,000 Prize." Our correspondents must therefore be good enough to take this paragraph as an acknowledgment of their communications.

THE Eminent weighed into the Egyptian Hall the other evening in order to witness a representation of the new mystery invented and arranged by Mr. N. Maskelyne and Charles Morrill, and entitled, "Oh!" After beholding the wonderful disappearance of Mr. Elton, A. SLOPER fairly gasped for breath, and, finding himself entirely at a loss for words, scratched his head vigorously for five minutes, much to the discomfort of his three remaining hairs, and finally squeezed out the word "Oh!!!" in a voice which bore more resemblance to the squeak of a mouse than anything else.

THE last two weeks in September and the first part of the present month were signalized by the exceptionally fine weather experienced at most of the seaside resorts, and fortunate, indeed, were those who were enabled to enjoy this first real visitation of summer. The seaside hotels, boarding and lodging houses have reaped quite a little harvest; and hundreds of unfortunate beings who had made up their minds to spend their vacation in town were enabled to enjoy a most delightful holiday by the briny ocean, and row, bathe and flirt with the prettiest fisher girl in the neighbourhood to their heart's content. The much abused clerk of the weather is evidently not quite so black as he's painted.

FOR some time past, we have been put to considerable inconvenience by the mysterious non-appearance of letters addressed to "The Slopers." The usual complaints to the Postmaster-General brought no result. Through the recent visit, however, of a strange lad to a Post Office not many miles from "99," who thoughtfully took with him some P.O.'s which had been sent to us from our customers, we have discovered that wholesale theft has been going on from our Letter Boxes. We mention the fact, because it occurs to us that many of our readers may wonder why we don't reply to their queries.

THE gentleman who, a few days ago, ran from "The Sloper Arms" to the "Welsh Harp" at Hendon and back without stopping, clad in the cast off raiment of A. SLOPER, did it more because his liver was out of order than as an advt. for the "HALF-HOLIDAY." Ask Mr. Warner; he knows all about it. Oh, that Welsh ale!

MRS. SLOPER has at length finally decided that Boulanger Shakesbacon will not go into mourning for his namesake, "Le Brav' Général." As she remarked to Aunt Geeser at the time, "Crape trimmings would never suit the little cherrie's complexion."

IN *The American*, the play in which Mr. Edward Compton has chosen to make his debut as a London theatrical manager, we see a capital example of how much it is possible for a novel to lose by its adaptation to stage requirements. As far as ability is concerned, the play cannot compare with the book, and those persons who witness the piece after perusing the beautiful novel, cannot help feeling keenly chagrined at the mutilation to which the latter has been treated. The dialogue is capital, as it could not very well help being; but this is all that, in common fairness, can be said in favour of the piece. On the action and construction of the piece, we would prefer to remain silent. Of the company engaged to interpret the piece, it is only necessary to speak of the genial manager himself. He is another disappointment awaits the playgoers, not on account of the actor's ability, but in the style of character he has chosen to make his first appearance—for several years, at any rate—before a London audience. Mr. Compton has gained for himself fame in light comedy, and in light comedy we wish to see him—or not at all.

A WRITER in a contemporary asserts that the woman of to-day partakes of far more alcoholic stimulant than is good for her. This is really very sad news, because it is an undeniable fact that the man of to-day does likewise, and an inch or two over. But let disciples of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and well-wishers of the future of this great country not give way to absolute despair, but bear in mind that the big gooseberry season is not yet over, and that, in default of a description of a second visit from the Sea Serpent, the journalist in search of material for "copy" hesitates at nothing. At the same time we cannot altogether deny that there is a certain amount of truth in the statement, and this reflection is forced upon us by the contemplation of the wine bill which little Pearlle Darlington let us in for when in a moment of misguided spooniness we took her to supper after she left the "Friv." the other evening.

THE Eminent was in full force at Professor H. R. Pearce's Swimming Entertainment, held at the Hampstead Baths, on the evening of Wednesday, October 7th. The programme was a long and attractive one, the only item that SLOPER objected to being one called "Stop Thief." ALLY didn't mind so much on his own account, but he thought it placed his friend Iky Moses, who accompanied him, in a very awkward position.

ENGLISHMEN on the mouche in Antwerp should call at No. 8 Rue Breydel, where they will find a café conducted purely on English principles. The gay and festive landlord, Mr. S. Craven, has very judiciously called his house "Ally Sloper's Tavern." Mr. H. M. Stanley says, "One cup of Craven's Juniper Juice is quite worth the journey over to Antwerp."

A. SLOPER hears that the Queen of Italy possesses a hobby. It is that of collecting the old boots, gloves and clothes which have been worn by persons of distinction. The Eminent's wardrobe is not an extensive one, goodness knows, but nevertheless, he has forwarded the enthusiastic collector a pair of his dress pumps, three left hand gloves, and a pair of cast off unmentionables, and is anxiously expecting a suitable return in the shape of an Italian title or a jewelled decoration, but up to the hour of going to press nothing has turned up.

THE recent disclosures anent the discipline on board the cadet training ship, *Britannia*, sound more like passages from Captain Marryat's "Midshipman Easy" than an authentic account of a disgraceful system which prevails on board this floating naval college in the enlightened year of grace 1891. It has just been discovered that the junior cadets are subjected by the seniors to a series of annoyances sufficient to render the lives of the youngsters almost unbearable. Not content with robbing the new comers of their pocket money, under the shallow pretence of making them "pay their footing," many of the new boys were cruelly beaten and otherwise maltreated for alleged disobedience of some orders issued by the seniors. Now that the matter has become a scandal, it is to be hoped that this state of things will be abolished, and the ringleaders severely punished; for a boy intended for a commission in the Navy who starts his career on board ship by ill-treating his younger companions, can hardly fail to develop into the greatest curse which the service could possess—a bullying commander.

THE Mildewed and Moth Eaten Edifice has been pleased to confer the "Sloper Award of Merit" upon MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, because he's done so much to elevate the British Drama. "In my humble opinion, feyther," commenced the Blue Eyed Pigeon, "Robert is a Big Chief, and I'm positively amazed that you have not spotted him for an F.O.S. long ere this. It only shows how thoroughly hignorant—" But at this point the peroration was cut short and the rolling-pin *science* commenced.

IN response to the invitation of his old friend Mr. William Lusby, A. SLOPER waltzed into the Royal Foresters' Palace of Varieties, Mile End, on the evening of Friday, October 2nd. The genial Proprietor at first appeared a bit upset that he hadn't won ALLY'S £1,000 Prize, but, after a few "Unsweeteneds," peace reigned in his manly chest once again. The programme at the Foresters' is very properly described as a Champion Programme. What with J. W. Rowley, Tom Vine, Clara Nisbett and a host of others, thanks to Manager Wilton Friend, the ball is kept rolling to a good old tune in Cambridge Road.

A. SLOPER is pleased to hear that his friend Miss Clo. Graves has, in collaboration with Mrs. Oscar Beringer, dramatized her successful story, "Dragon's Teeth," which is one of the latest Shilling Books published from Fun Office. The English and American rights of "Dragon's Teeth" have been secured by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who will shortly produce the play in New York, and in London on their return. ALLY'S advice—and it is always worth following, mind you—is, buy the book, read it, and see the play as soon as ever you can.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 24th, 1891.

18th October, 1838.—In a communication on the progress of the works at the Thames Tunnel, made to the Institution of Civil Engineers on this date, Mr. Brunel stated that the excavators were much more inconvenienced by fire than water. Some of the gases which issue forth ignite very rapidly, and the reports from Guy's Hospital stated some of the men to be so much injured by breathing them, that but small hopes were entertained of their recovery. The explosions were frequent, and put out the candles of the workmen, but the largeness of the space prevented their being dangerous.

19th October, 1745.—Dean Swift, who died this day, was wont to stop at roadside public-houses when on his pedestrian tours. While at one, known by the sign of the "Three Crosses," between Dunchurch and Daventry (in allusion to three roads intersecting), he could not obtain the attention of the landlady to get him breakfast, she at last telling him, "She must not leave her customers for such as he." Upon which, the Dean took out his diamond, and wrote on a pane of glass—

"To the Landlord,
"There hang three crosses at thy door—
Hang up thy w/e, and she'll make four!"

20th October, 1838.—Under this date we read:—"RAILROAD TRAVELLING."—A person travelling in his own carriage with his family and one or two servants, as is usual, will have to pay more for the conveyance of the carriage and its contents by the railroad than were he, as heretofore, to post the distance. This fact, in the face of the railroad people increasing their fares, must be some consolation to the innkeepers, and makes it more than probable that, after the novelty has subsided, except by people in a great hurry, the former mode of travelling is not likely to be laid aside.

21st October, 1772.—It is said that Coleridge, author of the "Ancient Mariner," who was born this day at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, being asked to furnish a rhyme for the name Julianna, replied—

"Coughing in a shady grove
Sat my Julianna;
Lozenges I gave my love—
Ipecacuanha."

Why did not Coleridge keep alive and win that thousand?

22nd October, 1836.—Under this date it is stated that the members of the London Stock Exchange were so indignant at the early information obtained in certain quarters by pigeon express from Paris, that they collected a number of hawks, falcons and other birds of prey, on the Kentish coast, to waylay the carriers.

23rd October, 1642.—Amongst those who fell this day on the Royalist side, at the Battle of Edgehill, was Sir Gervase Scroop, who had fallen, covered with wounds, about three o'clock on this Sunday afternoon, and left on the field as dead. It was not till Tuesday evening that his son was able to return to the battle-field to search for the body of his father. When found, it was perfectly naked, having been stripped, like the rest of the slain, on Sunday evening by camp-followers. In this state it had lain all Sunday night, all Monday and Monday night, and was apparently dead, having received no less than sixteen severe wounds. Monday night had been remarkably cold and frosty, but, wonderful to relate, he recovered.

24th October, 1834.—Raikes, under this date, reports the death of William Spencer, a poet and wit and nephew of the Duke of Marlborough. He married the Countess Dowager Walworth, who was first married to an old man, and he, perceiving an attachment gradually increased between her and young Spencer, destroyed himself, that he might not be a bar to their union.

BOUND TO RISK IT!

THE learned physicians tell us there is danger in a kiss; Disease and death may reach us through that avenue of bliss; The gentle osculation which our being wildly thrills May bring us months of sickness and a lot of doctor's bills.

They say that with the honey we are all so prone to sip, The deadliest bacteria may pass from lip to lip. But when a fellow gets a chance to kiss a pretty maid, He's very apt to say, "Oh, hang the doctors! Who's afraid?"

SLAPPING IT DOWN.

"MULHALL," said Mrs. M. to her better half, as they sat at the breakfast table on the first morning after the return of the family from the sands of Dovercourt, "I wish you'd try and get home early this evening and give me a hand getting down the sitting room carpet. I've had it beaten, and it isn't much of a job, but it is too much for me."

"Oh, that'll be all right," replied Mr. Mulhall, reassuringly: "I'll try and get home ten minutes or so earlier. I'll slap it down like a pancake—won't take a jiffey, hardly."

But, during the day, somehow, Mrs. Mulhall's soul was racked with forebodings of trouble. A black cat came into the scullery, to start with, and deliberately mewed. Then the slavey wrenched the stem off an ale glass, and that's always a deadly certain sign of evil.

Mulhall came home smiling. He, having finished a bloater and two cups of tea, removed his coat, waistcoat and shirt collar. This looked like business. Then he wrestled the carpet up the stairs from the garden into the little sitting room and spread it out. For some beastly reason it didn't quite fit, and, as Mr. Burlin, the undertaker from the corner, passed by the open window he popped his head in and opined that Mr. Mulhall would have to "hump himself" to make it stretch. Mr. Mulhall looked hot and vicious, but he said nothing. After two sides were tacked down, with Mrs. Mulhall's kind intervention, Mr. Mulhall arose and made a formal speech. He addressed the partner of his joys and sorrows as follows:—

"Look here, Maria, I can put down the carpet all right if I'm left alone, but I can't put down the blessed thing and fight off your futile and insane suggestions at the same time. Now, you either retire to the privacy of your apartments and leave me to put the blooming thing down, or I'll retire and leave you to put it down; but if you stay here and try giving your imbecile suggestions, there'll be about the biggest row we've ever had, and that's saying something."

Mrs. Mulhall smiled and retired. Presently she heard a tremendous pounding and then some wrathful objurgations. She gathered next that Mr. Mulhall had pinched his finger. For a few moments all was silent. In reality, Mr. Mulhall was "humping" himself stretching the carpet. In the course of this process Mr. Mulhall had knelt upon a tack. Then for ten or fifteen minutes arose a composite noise made up of bristling, pounding and objectionable language. But it was the last struggle. The carpet was down.

Mrs. Mulhall appeared upon the scene. Her husband was very red in the face, and in a state verging on madness, but he was triumphant.

"Great Maple!" ejaculated Mrs. M., on beholding his triumph, "d'you know, Mulhall, the whole thing will have to come up again—we didn't put any paper under it!"

Mulhall gazed at her severely, and said, slowly and deliberately, "Madam, the man or woman who takes up that carpet takes it up after my violent and sudden demise at his hands." Then he shook his fist violently and went out. A wondrous coldness has sprung up between Mr. and Mrs. Mulhall. Some say he has a great and hidden grief; but Mrs. M. invariably gives a sad depressing sob whenever anything bearing on the subject of "slapping down" carpets is mentioned.



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a capital example of how much it is possible for a novel to lose by its adaptation to stage requirements. As far as ability is concerned, the play cannot compare with the book, and those persons who witness the piece after perusing the beautiful novel, cannot help feeling keenly chagrined at the mutilation to which the latter has been treated. The dialogue is capital, as it could not very well help being; but this is all that, in common fairness, can be said in favour of the piece. On the action and construction of the piece, we would prefer to remain silent. Of the company engaged to interpret the piece, it is only necessary to speak of the genial manager himself. He is another disappointment awaits the playgoers, not on account of the actor's ability, but in the style of character he has chosen to make his first appearance—for several years, at any rate—before a London audience. Mr. Compton has gained for himself fame in light comedy, and in light comedy we wish to see him—or not at all.



THE LAUREATE'S LATEST.

Lord Tennyson has arranged to write a Woodland Comedy for Mr. Augustin Daly, to whom he recently read the scenario.



"If you're waking, call me early—call me early, Sonny, dear; For a notion for a play, boy, in my cranium seetheth here:

And like *The Promise of May*, boy—which vile critics said 'Take away!' I'll pen a new rustic play, Sonny, a real live Woodland Play!"

AIR—"Patience." Lately—ay, and Daily—I, the poet T—Worked at a play which seemed to suit A. Daly; I may say at once, 'tis a kind of Comedy—Just the thing for Daly, O! Plot I don't much care for;

Only language, therefore, Thought I, "that's the thing for Daly, O!"

So, the other day, I invited them to tea; Ada the Arch, and Mr. and Mrs. Daly; And when tea was o'er I read that comedy To Augustin Daly, O! Money I don't care for, Still, I arranged to "share" for My new comedy for Daly, O!

LAVINIA'S REVENGE.

"AND you will always love me, Clarence?" "Always, my ownest." "And you will give up your beloved profession, you will cease to work fourteen hours a day for thirty shillings a week, and be content to lead a life of monotonous idleness with me on sixteen thousand a year?"

For a moment the impecunious drawing master gazed at the millionaire's daughter with a wink-the-other-eye expression ere he answered, "Dearest, no sacrifice is too great for your sweet sake."

"Then," replied the lovely Ethelinda, as she threw herself into his arms and placed her little auburn head over his near side shoulder, "then, Clarence, I am only thine."

"And now, darling," said Clarence, after an interval of half an hour, during which he took advantage of the permission accorded him, "now for the plan of escape. Take this little bundle, it is a ladder of silken rope. To-night, when the household has retired to rest, steal softly from your chamber, open the little window of the bathroom, and wait there until you hear my signal, which will be the first few bars of 'The Custer's Serenade.' Then fasten one end of the ladder to the clothes' hooks, throw the other out of window, and descend into my waiting arms; then, in the best substitute for a post-chaise I can hire at the local jobmaster's, we will speed to the station, catch the night mail to London, and be made one ere our whereabouts is discovered."

One long, passionate embrace, and the lovers tore themselves asunder, all unconscious that their conversation had been overheard by Miss Lavinia Staysingle, the uncertain aged proprietress of the select Young Ladies' Seminary whereat Ethelinda was undergoing that mysterious process known as "finishing." Now, ever since Miss Lavinia was seventeen, she had waged war against the hearts of the men with a marked want of success which had embittered her maturer years. She knew she was past hope now; even she was compelled to own to forty, whilst no artifice of her dressmaker could conceal the fact that any automatic weighing machine would have returned her at something over fifteen stone. She lived now but to revenge herself on Man.

That night, when the beautiful heiress attempted to steal from her chamber, she found the door locked.

And Clarence, what of him? After waiting for two hours in the rain, he heard the little window open. Immediately the touching melody of "Arriet, I'm Waiting," broke the soft stillness of the night. The ladder was thrown out and a dark figure began to descend. Clarence's heart beats and the ladder sways violently. Heavens! it breaks, and, with one wild yell of terror, the figure on it falls headlong into the outstretched arms of Clarence. There is a dull thud, and then—silence. And when the cold grey light of morning broke, it revealed to the early milkman the crushed and mangled figure of the drawing master and the lifeless form of Miss Lavinia Staysingle. She had carried her revenge too far.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 16.—CORA VIVIAN.



WHEN in some cosy room we're met At friendly "free-and-easy," boys, Our lungs get mighty strong, you bet, Our throats get mighty greasy, boys. The sprites of air look down amazed, The rafters tremble o'er us, boys,

When, during each good song, is raised

The frantic shout of "Chorus, boys!" And sweeter than the sing-song's bliss

Is our perfervid pleasure, boys, When to each wildly worshipped miss

We drain the brimming measure, boys,

What absent fair can then the most Delicious spell cast o'er us, boys? Of all the names we love to toast, The dearest name is Cora's, boys!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

MANOR LODGE, 31 Highbury Grove, N. October 1st, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Herewith I beg to forward you receipt for your cheque on the Camden Town branch of the Alliance Bank for £1,000, received this morning, for which please accept my sincere thanks. I need hardly say what a complete surprise it was to me to receive your communication, bearing upon it the "counterfeit presentment" of the Unfortunate Fossil himself. As I recognized his battered features, and at the same time realized my good luck, I should scarcely have been surprised had the genial countenance taken upon itself to "wink the other eye." But it didn't take that liberty. Again thanking you most heartily for your generous award, Believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

GEO. J. HICKS.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 83.—HE ONCE MORE PUTS HIS PROVERBIAL PATRIOTISM INTO PRACTICE.

FROM Libs. and Rads. at Fumdumdoo

A letter reached the Lane of Shoe:

"Dear SLOPER, in a week or two

The poll will here be taken;

And, if you don't come round and stout-

Ly stump and storm and shout and spout

For our good candidate, we doubt

If he will save his bacon!

"We know your stalwart strength in fight,

We know your oratorical might;

And twenty pounds we'll pay per night

For your assistance gladly!"

Then, squirming wild, the Patriot rose,

And smote his thighs, his breast, his nose,

And kicked, in indignation's throes,

His office boy right madly.

He sought the "Sloper Arms," anon—

For booze! Nay, all his cash was gone—

And begged the loungers there to con.

The thrice accursed epistle;

And, after that, a score or so

Of working chaps, with eyes aglow,

Gave ear to SLOPER's tale of woe,

While each four-aled his whistle.

"My friends, the fact is known, I ween,

O'er all this darning terrestrial scene

That SLOPER from his birth has been

A fine old crusted Tory:

It's known that, if I'er should choose

From Tory warfare to vamoose,

Our gracious Queen her crown would lose,

Our land its power and glory.

"It's known that I would liefer croak

Than strike for Rads. a single stroke,

And yet these low-lived Liberal folk

Have dared to send this letter.

Oh, friends, my heart is crushed, I swear!

Pray, can you each a copper spare?

Ten 'goes' of gin would make me bear

The blow a little better!"

They stood the "goes" with kind intent,

And, somewhat calmed, the Patriot went

Back home, and to those Liberals sent

A letter, marked "Immidiate"—

"Hide gladley come and pull you throo,

For hime a Librul stonch and true,

But hime hired by your opponints, who

Will pay me *twice as much as you*

To spout for them at Fumdumdoo,

And SLOPER ain't no hidiot!"

DEAD OUT OF IT.

"LUCK, sir!" ejaculated the disgruntled tragedian, as he leaned upon the bar and gazed abstractedly at three cold boiled eggs and an orphan piece of parsley that basked, as it were, in a hothouse climate beneath a glass shade, marked "Watling, Pimlico," at the further end of the counter—"luck! I don't believe in it. I have two brothers who must have been *born* fortunate, for no mere luck could rise to such a height; but as for me—"

"Are your brothers so particularly fortunate?"

"Fortunate! Not the word. Look at Jim—the eldest—married two freehold farms in the best part of Gloucestershire. Look at George—the youngest—led twenty thousand pounds in the Gas Company to the blooming altar—ugh!"

"What about yourself?"

"Me? Shades of the Original Mahatma! I married a never ending cast iron jaw and a pair of cold feet! That was *my* luck. 'Ere, miss, give us twopenn'orth out o' the bottle, warm."

SALLY'S SOLILOQUY.

MY sister says, "Keep clear of him!"

My mother, "Have a fear of him!"

My dad (it's too severe of him!) Forbids me e'er to go

With my true love philandering,

For heartless knaves, him slandering,

Accuse my love of squandering

His wealth in pleasures low!

Oh, dad! it's undeniable

That you are far too pliable,

And quite unjustifiable

The credence given by you

To tales that we have heard of him,

Descriptions so absurd of him;

For have we not the word of him?

That they are all untrue?

And the moonlit mead's so beautiful,

And Henry's pleas so pitiful,

It scarce can be undutiful

For once to disobey;

So, when to-night so lovingly

He comes, and pleads so movingly,

I'll even smile approvingly,

And go a little way!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHAT breaking happens before daybreaking?—Housebreaking. THEY say we shall never get the calends of Greece; but, transpose "calends," go to an oilshop, and there you are. . . . You don't twig? Ain't candles greecy, stupid?

RACING NOTE.—"The Latest Scratchings"—SLOPER's recent batch of autographs.

THE most cordial reception you can give to an actor is an en-cordial reception.

SLOPER says we err in using the word "dipsomania." It ought to be "tipsyomania."

If Policeman X lose his situation, he will have a reverse in more ways than one. He will then be an x-policeman.

THE TRUMP-IT CALL.—Yelling out the fact that you are capturing the trick with a card of the leading suit.

"MIDDLE"-CLASS PEOPLE—Those who travel "second" by railway.

DESPITE the D.T. letters on D.T., there's one very delectable form of D.T. We mean Miss Clo. Graves' "Dragon's Teeth."

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE CORSAIRS' BRIDE;
OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "JEMIMA JANE."
(A TALE OF THE RAGING MAIN.)

CHAPTER IX.

WITH the dawn of day the storm passed away, and the exhausted crew of the *Jemima Jane* had time to look around them. The disaster was undoubtedly complete, but it might have been worse. The vessel was a total wreck, but the forepart was high and dry, and the stores and ammunition were all safe. When the roll was called, it was found that not a life had been lost.

Work was at once begun to remove the stores, and the men worked hopefully and cheerfully. Their lives were safe for the present. There was plenty of food and powder. Ere long a ship might be lured to the shore and seized, the crew murdered, and once more the black flag would be hoisted.

But as the men became more cheery, Captain Roderick Smith became more gloomy. He brooded deeply, and his appearance began to change.

Such a state of matters did not escape the attention of the crew, nor could it miss the observation of Mrs. Smith. For a time she could not understand the reason of this marked change, but, as days passed by, her suspicion was aroused. Day by day this suspicion deepened, till at length conviction of the appalling fact was forced upon her conscience. There was no use in attempting to conceal matters longer, or to hope against hope.

HER HUSBAND HAD RED HAIR!

As the full force of this terrible anachronism, so to speak, struck her, she felt that her love must give way to honour. She wept as she thought of what must be the result—she knew that the conservative feelings of the gallant crew would not submit to it. But she would not flinch. She must face the difficulty, and she would, and did.

The crew were assembled in conference. Most of them sat round on the barrels of ammunition, which had been saved from the wreck. Captain Roderick Smith stood gloomily looking at his men and at the partner of his bosom. That heroic woman had been true to the best traditions of honour. She had told what she had discovered, and a stern hum from the crew had declared that Roderick Smith was a hollow fraud, and that he must die.

He had dyed before—in fact, ever since he had joined the *Jemima*



Became more gloomy.



Assembled in conference.

Jane as cook he had dyed, but, by the unfortunate accident of the shipwreck, his stock of hair-wash had been destroyed, and his deception was detected. He commanded them to adjourn the meeting. They declined to adjourn the meeting further than the nearest palm-tree, where they proposed to hang Captain Smith, and subsequently to draw lots as to who would marry his widow.

"You are resolved!" shouted the captain.

"We are!" replied the crew.

"Then," remarked Captain Smith, as he drew a revolver and pointed the muzzle into the bung-hole of one of the barrels of gun-powder, "so am I. I say this meeting must be adjourn—"

There was a blinding flash, a dull roar, as if creation had collapsed, and a moment after there was only a slight hollow where the meeting had been held.

(From the *Cannibal Daily Times*.)

"SINGULAR ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON.—A curious atmospheric phenomenon was observed on several of the adjacent islands yesterday afternoon. A considerable fall of fresh meat took place, and the inhabitants were surprised to find pieces of beef, of from two ounces to three-quarters of a pound, lying on the ground. At first it was feared that some accident had occurred to the mis-



Meeting adjourned.

sionary vessel which is expected within the next few days, but from the samples forwarded to this office, all fears on that head may be allayed. The meat is of a very inferior quality—is very tough, and has a strong flavour of tobacco and rum.

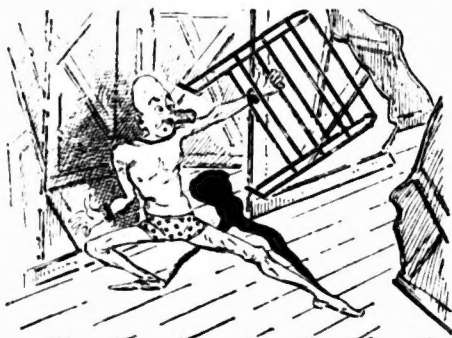
THE END.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 25.—MR. WILLIAM WHITELEY, F.O.S.

"The world is large, and there are, doubtless, a very considerable number of persons existing in it who have never yet gazed upon the features of the celebrated Universal Provider, and it is chiefly for the edification of those menial beings that we have this week honoured Mr. Whiteley with a place in the 'Gallery.' Our hero was born of scrupulously honest, and, therefore, exceedingly poor, parents, in a remote country village, situated about fifteen miles from anywhere, and twenty from the nearest railway station, which has since become known to fame as 'The Village on the Slow and Dirty Line.' By dint of perseverance too harriving for publication, little Willie scraped together enough of to open one of those shops, so well known in the country, where they sell everything from a postage stamp to a half-porth of apples. Years went on, and William prospered exceedingly, and then it was that the happy idea occurred to him that if a character's was a success in a village, why not in London. Our hero packed up his traps, sold his business and hastened to the metropolis; and, after purchasing palatial premises at Westbourne Grove, stocked them from basement to roof with every imaginable article; and let it be generally understood by the world at large that he was prepared to supply them with anything beneath the sun at lowest cash terms. The public was not long in testing the truth of Mr. Whiteley's offer, and when it was found that anything from a pint of canary seed to a 'Broadwood Grand' could be obtained at his wonderful establishment, it accorded him forthwith that support which has enabled him to make a princely fortune with the greatest possible ease. Chiefly because it was the only thing he could not provide himself with, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him February 13th, 1886."—*Debrett Improved.*

For here's the boys
Who feared no noise
At the Chelsea Navalries.

SANDOW HAD BETTER LOOK AFTER HIS LAURELS.



THE FAMILY AWAY.

Sarah Jane. Well, I can't say 'ow I thinks much of the governor's cigarettes.

OUR SISTERS.



George. Maud, I really do believe you are wearing my hat.

George. Don't I recognize that tie, Ruth?

George (horrified). And that shirt, Alice?

Maud (meekly). Yes, dear.

Ruth. Very likely, dear, it belongs to you.

Alice. Is yours, George.



Small Child. If you please, 'ow much 'd a gross o' pins be?
Draper. A penny.
Small Child. And, please, 'ow much 'd that be for one?
[Chucked.]



WASHING DAY.

A STRANGE TALE OF THE SEA.



(1). "Tell you what it is, Liner," observed the editor of *The Little Sprattington Weekly Chestnut* to his reporter, "if this sort of general dullness of things goes on much longer, you'll have to go and interview the Great Sea Serpent, or we shall have to shut up shop." "All right, sir," replied the bond slave; "it's pretty stale, but it might do if I'm circumstantial enough." (2). Next day, having hired a boat and the usual "old salt," the devoted reporter sought the loneliest waters of the ocean in the neighbourhood of Little Sprattington until he encountered the object of his search. He then proceeded to take notes during an exciting chase. (3). He had just time to complete them and to hastily inclose them in an empty stone bottle,

directed to his editor, when the Great Sea Serpent requested him and his companion to step inside. The rest was silence. (4). Next day, a native found the bottle on the beach and brought it, together with the inclosed missive, to the office of *The Chestnut*. The editor totally collapsed with grief upon receiving the sad intelligence, which filled half his paper, and caused it to "go off like steam." (5). That night the pale shades of the reporter and the fisherman might have been observed in friendly consultation at the "Pink Dog," imbibing whisky hot to their hearts' content. Or, say it is just within the bounds of possibility that they may have been the twin brothers of the unfortunate men. We cannot tell; we only relate what occurred.

DANCING GIRLS.



No. 16.

The girl who thinks the whole thing awfully slow.

WHY NOT?



X90 relieves the hideous monotony of his Sunday night's peregrinations with a little concert on his own account.

A "FAUX" PAS.



"Hum! I was afraid I should put my foot in it."
[And the poor girl's dress? Well, she never forgave him.]